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From the Saturday Courier.

SONG OF HARVEST HOME.

BY WILLIAM C. LODGE.

Our Harvest is ended—
Let's join in a song,
That the sweet-scented zephyrs
May waft it along;
O'er the hill and the valley,
The river and plain,
Till it echoes from forest
And mountain again.

To the Lord of the Harvest

Our song we will sing;
And this be the incense,
Together we bring,
For the blessing of sunshine,
Of dew and of rain;
The drowsy pasture,
And fields of bright grain.

The bee-hummed valley,

And meadow are still,
And the rust of the sickle
Has ceased on the hill;
The voice of the mower
Salutes not the morn,
For the harvest is gathered,
And sold in the barn.

The gay feathered warblers

Chirped and grove,
Are tuning their voices
In accents of love;
And the clear rattle streamlet
Bursts forth in a song,
Through the green mossy borders
It wanders along.

And the breeze of the morning,

That stirs from the bowers
The breath of its freshness,
The scent of the flowers
With its music of murmurs,
Joyous from toil,
To a thankful thinking,
For gifts of the soil.

Oh, come, while all nature

Delights to prolong,
The incense of worship
In free-offered song,
To the Lord of the Harvest
Will salute our store,
And design a blessing,
We seek for no more.

ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR.

It is generally known that Benedict Arnold, after his treason, was treated in England with perfect contempt. The following anecdote will illustrate this:

Very soon after the peace of 1783, Arnold was introduced into the Court. During a conversation which he had with the king, Lord Bute, an old nobleman, who had fought under Burgoyne during the American Revolution, was announced. The king made Lord Bute acquainted with each other, saying: "Lord Bute, this is General Arnold. What your majesty said, the old lord, sternly looking at Arnold—Arnold the traitor! and the king refused to give him his hand. The consequence of this behavior was a challenge, and the parties agreed that they should fight to the death. They met—the word was given, and Arnold fired, but missed. Lord Bute fired, and he hit Arnold in the chest, and he fell. Lord Bute then said to the king, "Sir, I have just killed a traitor." The king then said to Lord Bute, "You have done well, but I leave you to the hangman."

At the time that the Prince of Wales, afterwards King William IV. of England, was in the army in Canada he made one day a trip to Vermont. He stopped into the shop of a tailor, and finding him not in, and his wife, a young and beautiful creature alone, he could not help kissing her, saying, "Go now and tell your country woman that the son of the King of England has kissed you." But very unluckily for him, the husband of the lady being in the back room, had been eavesdropping the whole transaction, came in at this time, got hold of the prince very roughly and gave him a good thrashing, saying: "Go now, you scoundrel, and tell your countrymen that a Yankee tailor has given the son of the King of England a good licking!"

An Irishman, it is said, once wrote a letter to his brother, containing an account of the death of a relative, in a postscript to which he added:

"Patrick, don't open this letter till several days after you have received it, by which time you will be prepared for the dreadful tidings it contains."

Why is it that a school-master and a school boy lead a "cat and dog" life? Because the master belongs to the *cat* line (canine) and the boy to the *dog* line (feline) species.

"Speaking about Gums." The doctor told us a good story the other day. When the Rev. Mr. — was ordained over the Old South Church, in Boston, Dr. W. — preached the sermon. It was a capital one, and a copy was requested for the press, but the doctor declined. An old gentleman remarked that he would give a good deal to have it published, for, said he, I have heard it over twelve times, and it grows five minutes longer every time—it is a wonderful sermon." [Nashua Telegraph.]

A NEW REMEDY FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Among the thousand remedies for tooth-ache, eucalyptone is now stated to be a very efficacious one. A piece of eucalyptone is to be put on a wire, then melted at the flame of a candle, and pressed while warm into the hollow tooth, and the pain will disappear instantly. The cavity of the tooth should first be cleaned out with pieces of cotton. In consequence of the viscosity and adhesiveness of the eucalyptone, the air is completely prevented from coming into contact with the diseased nerve, and thus the cause of the tooth-ache is destroyed.

The Hartford Galaxy

VOL. X.

MIDDLEBURY, VT.—TUESDAY, OCT. 14, 1845

NUMBER 24.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ASTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST.

How the Mountain Blacksmith was Converted.—The scene is laid in the mountainous regions of Georgia. Mr. Forgeron, a blacksmith, had a great antipathy against all Methodist ministers in particular. His shop was in a narrow mountain pass, and he declared his determination to whip every Methodist preacher that passed his shop. The Rev. B. Stubbleworth, however, readily consented to go there, and the following describes his ride through the mountains:

Forgeron had heard of his new victim, and rejoiced that his size and appearance furnished a better subject for his vengeance than the attenuated frame of the late parson. Oh, what a nice beating he would have! He had heard, too, that some ministers were rather spirited, and hoped that this one might be provoked to fight. Knowing that the clergyman must pass on Saturday in the afternoon, he gave his striker a holiday, and regaled himself on the beauties of Tom Paine, awaiting the approach of the preacher. It was not over an hour before he heard the words—

"Oh, how happy are they who their Saviour obey."

And have laid up their treasures above."

sung in a full, clear voice; and soon the vocalist, turning the angle of the rock, rode up with a continued smile on his countenance.

"How are you, old Stubbleworth? Get off your horse, and join in my devotion," said the smith.

"I have miles to ride," answered the preacher, "and I haven't time, my friend. I will call when I return."

"Your name is Stubbleworth, and you are the trifling hypocrite the Methodists sent here to preach, eh?"

"My name is Stubbleworth," he meekly replied.

"Didn't you know my name was Ned Forgeron, the blacksmith, that whips every Methodist preacher that comes along? I was asked with an audacious look, 'and how dare you come here?'"

The preacher replied that he had heard of Forgeron's name, but presumed that he did not molest well-behaved travelers.

"You presume so! Yes, yet are the most presumptuous people," said the blacksmith, "that ever trod sole leather any how. Well, what'll you do, you beef-headed disciple you?"

Mr. Stubbleworth professed his willingness to do anything reasonable to avoid such a penance.

"Well, there's three things you'll have to do, or I'll maul you into a jelly. The first, you are to quit preaching; the second, if you must wear this hat and testament of Thomas Paine next to your heart, read it every day, and believe every word you read; and the third, you are to curse the Methodist in every crowd you get into; and the blacksmith 'shucked' himself, rolled up his sleeves and took a quid of tobacco.

The preacher looked on during these novel preparations without a line of his face moving, and at the end he replied that the terms were unreasonable, and he would not submit to them.

"Well, you've got a whaling to submit to, then—I'll tear you into shreds, curse you!" Get down, you cursed long-faced hypocrite."

The preacher remonstrated and Forgeron, walking up to the horse, threatened to tear him off if he did not dismount; whereupon the worthy man made a virtue of necessity and alighted.

"I have one request to make my friend—that is, you won't treat me with this overcoat on; it was a present from the ladies of my last circuit, and I do not wish to have it torn."

"Off with it, and I'll suddenly, you hissing imp!"

The Methodist preacher slowly threw off his overcoat, as the blacksmith continued his tirade of abuse of him and his sect, throwing the garment behind him, he dealt Forgeron a tremendous blow between the eyes, which laid him prostrate on the ground with the testimony of Tom Paine beside him.

Mr. Stubbleworth, with the fact of a convulsion in such matters, did not wait for his adversary to rise, but mounted him with the quickness of a cat, and bestowed his blows with a courteous hand on the stomach and face of the blacksmith, continuing the song where he had left off on his arrival—

"Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort," &c.

until Forgeron, from having experienced 'first love' or some other sensation equally new to him, responded lustily—

"Enough! enough! enough! take him off!"

But, unfortunately, there was no one to perform this kind of office, except the preacher's old roan, and he munched a bunch of grass and looked on as if his master was lumpy at camp-meeting.

"Now," said Stubbleworth, "there are three things you must promise me, before I let you up."

"What are they?" asked Forgeron, eagerly.

"The first, is that you will never molest a Methodist preacher again."

Here Ned's pride rose, and he hesitated; and the reverend gentleman, with his usual benign smile on his face, renewed his blows and sang—

"I then rode on the sky, freely justified I, And the moon it was under my feet."

This oriental language overcame the blacksmith—Such bold figures, or something else, caused him to sing out, "Well, I'll do it; I'll do it!"

"You are getting on very well," said Mr. Stubbleworth, "I think I can make a decent man of you yet, and perhaps a Christian."

Ned groaned.

"The second thing I require of you is, to go to Pumpkin Creek meeting-house, and hear me preach to-morrow."

Ned attempted to stammer out some excuse, when the divine resumed his devotional hymn, and kept time with the music, striking over the face with the fleshy part of his hand.

"I'll do my best," said he, in a humble voice.

"Well, that's a man," said Stubbleworth, "Now get up and go down to the spring and wash your face and tear up Tom Paine's testament, and turn your thoughts on 'him.'"

Ned rose, with feelings he never experienced before, and went to obey the lavatory injunctions of the preacher, when the latter person mounted his horse, took Ned by the hand, and said—

"Now keep your promise, and I'll keep your counsel. Good evening, Mr. Forgeron; I'll look for you to-morrow."

And off he rode with the same impetuous countenance, singing so loud as to scare the eagles from their eyrie in the overhanging rocks.

"Well," thought Ned, "this is nice business. What would people say if they knew that Ned Forgeron was whipped before his own door, and that too by a Methodist preacher?"

But his musings were more in sorrow than in anger. His disfigured countenance was, of course, the subject of numerous questions that night, among his friends; to which he replied with a stern look which they understood, and the vague remark that he had met with an accident.

Of course they never dreamed of the cause. Ned looked in the glass and compared his black eye, from the recent scuffle, to the rainbow shipwreck scene—blending every color into one. Or, perhaps he never read the story, and muttered to himself, "Ned Forgeron whipped by a Methodist preacher!"

From that time his whole conduct manifested a change of feeling. The gossip of the neighborhood observed it, and whispered that Ned was silent, and had gone to meeting every Sunday since the accident. They wondered greatly at his burning the books he used to "read so much. Strange stories were circulating in the neighborhood of this jovial dare-devil blacksmith into a gloomy and taciturn man; some supposed, very sagely, that a 'spirit' had entered him into the mountains, and, after giving him a glimpse into the future, had misled him to a crag, where he had fallen and bruised his face. Others gave the prince of darkness the credit of the change, but none suspected the Methodist preacher; and the latter having no vanity to gratify, the secret remained with Ned. The gloomy state of mind continued until Forgeron visited a camp-meeting. Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth preached a sermon that seemed to enter his soul and relieve it of a burden; and the song of—

"How happy are they who their Saviour obey."

was only half heard when he felt like a new man. Forgeron was from that time a 'shouting Methodist.' At a love feast, a short time subsequent, he gave in his experience, and revealed the mystery of his conversion and conversion to his astonished neighbors.

The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth, who had faithfully kept the secret until that time, could not contain himself any longer, but gave vent to his feelings in convulsive peals of laughter, as the burning tears of joy coursed their way down his cheeks.

"Yes, my brethren," said he, "it is a fact. I did maul the grace into his unbelieving soul, there was no doubt."

The blacksmith of the mountain-pass himself became, soon after, a Methodist preacher.

A QUEER CUSTOMER.

"It is most amusing," said Richard Mervyn, as he reclined at the attempt to rise from the gutter at the corner of — and — streets. "It really astonishes how soon this dreadful climate of America hangs on old age. I shall never survive to get home and write a book about the place—never. Here I am six feet two without my stockings, sprawling in a dirty, republican gutter, without being able to help myself out of it. This is a lump, sticking in my face, as it were, to laugh, and would, if it had a mouth, and a big, brate of a dog, just now nosed me to see whether I was good to eat! What a country!—what gutters!—and what liquor! I only took nine swallows of whiskey, and with that and premature old age, I verily believe, I am assassinated—I'm a gone chicken!"

Mr. Mervyn now clamored so loudly that a assistance soon came.

"Silence, there!—what's the matter?"

"Matter yourself! I'm being done, or as some people say, I'm doing. The march of old time is laughing, and Richard Mervyn is a deep for himself. Help me out—entirely—there. Aint I in a pretty pickle? This is what the doctors call *gutta serena*, isn't it?"

"When I was at school the boys would have called you a gutteral."

"They wouldn't have known much grammar if they did. I'm a liquid—see me drip."

"Oh ho!" said the watch, "don't try to be funny; I know you well enough, now you have washed your face. You're the chap that looked me up in my box once, and when I burst open the door, you knocked me heels over head and legged it."

"That's me. I did that thing. How do you like the ups and downs of public life? Isn't variety charming?"

"If it wasn't that I'm a public functionary, and must give way to my feelings, I'd crack your coco, and ease my mind by doing as I was done by. I'll make an example of you, however. You're my prisoner. *Holly Gosh!* to the watch 'uk up."

"Well, give us your arm. Don't be afraid of the mud. Gutter mud is very wholesome. Look at the pigs—how fat it makes 'em; and if you like fat pork, why shouldn't you like what makes pork fat? So—so steady. Now I'll tell you about 't'other night. I was passing your box in a friendly promiscuous sort of a way. I thought you were asleep, or had run down, and I turned the key to wind you up. If a watch ain't wound up, can't it keep good time or even go?"

"Well, what else?"

"Why, then I watched the box, and when you came out, I boxed the watch. That's all, it grew out of my obliging disposition."

"Ha! very obliging. Now it's my turn to wind you up, and, to do it in the same way, I'll take you before the watch maker, to be cleansed and regulated. You go too fast, but I'll put a spoke in your wheel; he'll set you by the regulator, and make you keep good time."

"Why, watchy, you're a wag. Why don't you say that I was in a horizontal, and that you lifted me up like a pateau lever? You're awake now; but that night you wasn't up to trip, or you would have caught me; I caught a wizen sleep that time—I put fresh salt on you for once."

To add one more to his vagaries, Mervyn now refused to walk a step further; his sitting down on a step, loudly avowed his resolution, and declared his name was not Walker.

"Whether your name be Walker or not, you must go."

"Not without a go cart—you can't force me to go—I'm a legal tender, and you must take me. Haven't got an office, or at least a public situation here on the steps? If I must go, it shall be on the Yankee principle of rotation: bring me a wheel-barrow?—Reform me out regularly."

It was procured, and away they went.

"So we go," said Mervyn, "Charles's making a narrow night of me. Gently, over the stones—I don't like bumpers, except when I get them of porter. This is the way to Wheeling—hurry! cart before the horse!"

Arriving at the watch house, he insisted upon being wheeled up stairs, and styled the place a *barren-land* and *dead-end*.

"I'm a modest man," said he, "and no stairer. If I can't have a ride up, I think myself entitled to a draw-back."

So saying, he attempted to escape, but was soon caught, being, as he said, "like Goldsmith's works, beautifully chas-ed." The punster was carried aloft, and next morning, sober and penitent, paid his tipsey fine and carriage hire with a doleful countenance.

"The little fellow was still pacing along the hall as I came out, still singing cheerily and talking matters with most laudable contentment and good humor."

RHODE-ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting on the 10th inst., after the choice of officers, the society took up for consideration the following preamble and resolutions, reported by a Committee to the Board of Trustees, and by them referred to the Society:—

Whereas, a communication has been laid before this Society, in the following words, viz:—

John Howland Esq., Providence, R. I., President of the Rhode Island Historical Society:

Washington, 17th March, 1845.

Sir,—At the request of Commodore Jesse D. Elliott, I transmit herewith to you, to be presented in his name, to the Historical Society of Rhode Island, a Medal, which he has caused to be struck in honor of J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq., in token of grateful acknowledgment to that distinguished author for the historical justice which he has awarded to the character and conduct of Commodore Elliott in his published writings.

I acquit myself with great satisfaction of this trust committed to me by Commodore Elliott, and am happy to avail myself of the occasion to assure you of the high respect with which I am, sir,

Your humble and obedient servant,
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

It is, thereupon, Resolved, That the thanks of this society be presented to the Hon. John Quincy Adams, for his care and attention in the discharge of the trust committed to him by Commodore Elliott.

And, whereas, we honor the character and cherish the memory of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, and hold in high admiration the professional skill, heroic valor, and noble conduct shown by him in the battle on Lake Erie, on the tenth of September, 1813, by which he achieved a victory glorious to the American arms, and gained a name which to us, as citizens of his native state, is a source of honest pride; And, whereas, in the published writings of J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq., relative to that event, he has labored to establish opinions which we can neither adopt nor reject.

And, whereas, Society requires that this Society shall not do or participate in any act which may imply its acquiescence in the efforts which have been made in behalf of Commodore Elliott, to establish for him a reputation derogatory to the just fame of his deceased commander:

It is, therefore, Resolved, That this Society declines accepting the medal which has been presented in the name of Commodore Elliott, and that the President be directed to transmit the same to the Hon. John Quincy Adams, together with two attested copies of these resolutions; and that, in the name of the Society, we request Mr. Adams to return the medal to Commodore Elliott, and to enclose therewith, one of such attested copies.

The preamble and resolutions having been read, it was moved that they be adopted as an act of the Society; whereupon a motion was made by the Hon. William Hunter, and seconded, to amend the report by striking out the first resolution, which motion, after a discussion of some length, was carried by a unanimous vote; and the second resolution, which was carried by a unanimous vote! The question then being put on the motion to adopt the resolutions, as amended, it was carried unanimously.

KENTUCKY METHODISM.—We learn that the Kentucky Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, decided, by an almost unanimous vote, to adhere to the 'Methodist Episcopal Church, South.' The vote stood, says 145, noes 5.

THE TARIFF.—The Philadelphia Enquirer says:

"A letter from Washington informs us that the proposed modifications of the Tariff are likely to be much less radical than some of the friends of that measure have apprehended. It is intimated that the ultra Free Trade men will have quite as much cause to complain, as the advocates of the Tariff. We trust that this may prove true, although the course of the Washington Union is calculated to confirm the worst apprehensions of the friends of Home Industry. The advocates of this great measure cannot be too vigilant. The destruction of the Tariff would be a fatal blow to the prosperity of the country. It is a Whig measure, and must depend chiefly upon Whig and Conservative support for its maintenance."

More trouble—thirty Houses burnt. A slip from the Quincy Courier, Adams county, Illinois, dated 14th inst., informs us that a body of Anti-Mormons had attacked the 'Mormon Settlement,' near Lima, in that county, and burnt twenty or thirty houses, with barns, wheat stacks, &c. The Courier adds:—"The excitement is very great, and large numbers of Anti-Mormons are pouring in from the adjoining counties and from Missouri—they are still burning and destroying property, and are determined to drive the

Mormons from the country. Our informant saw about fifty Mormons under arms, within about two miles from the settlement. It was in contemplation by the Anti-Mormons to attack two more settlements last evening."

The St. Louis Republic of the 6th, learns from a passenger that three hundred Anti-Mormons were encamped near Lima, and that one hundred Mormons had gone into Nauvoo, where the Legion was ordered out.

Restorationists. They had something of a time at Buffalo, last week, the result of information conveyed to the police that certain parties were carrying on a large business in the exhumation and exportation of dead bodies. Proceeding to a house on Main street, the officer found four bodies, packed in barrels, and arrested two *aid* *distant* doctors named Waterman and Hovey, strangers in the place, and a cooper, calling himself Smith, who subsequently made a clean breast of all he knew on the subject. The substance of it is that Waterman hired him to assist in digging up the bodies, and that they were intended for some institution in Ohio. They put the bodies in casks, with pickle, and were to forward them by way of Canada.

Hints to Lady-killers.—Do not fancy because a woman looks at you, that she is in love with you; or if she sigh when you are by, that she is heart-broken over your account; sighing is often a well-bred modification of yawning, and as frequently indicative of weariness as of anxiety or solicitude.

A RICH STATE.

Pennsylvania produces annually 15,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 45,000,000 bushels of other grain, and is capable of increasing the amount fourfold; she will send to market this year, 2,000,000 tons of anthracite coal, yielding a return to the State of \$7,000,000; she manufactures three-fourths of the iron made in the whole Union, and has the means of supplying the consumption of the world; she has a bituminous coal field through which the main line passes, for a hundred and thirty miles, containing 1,000 square miles, or 6,000,000 acres; when all Europe contains only 2,000 square miles of bituminous coal land.

Death of Ex-Speaker White.—The Cincinnati Gazette, of the 20th inst., says:—Yesterday the rumor was rife in the city, that Judge White, of Kentucky, had shot himself. The Chronicle says it was so informed by a gentleman direct from Richmond, and that the fact was done on Monday last. We hope there is no truth in this rumor.

Last night's mail confirmed the above. Mr. White returned to his room on the 22d inst., intimating that he did not wish to be disturbed, and soon afterwards shot himself through the head, placing the pistol at his right temple. Pecuniary embarrassment is assigned as the cause. Another account states that his health has been for some time extremely feeble and he has been much depressed in mind. He has left an amiable wife and several children, and was, at the time of his death, Judge of the XIXth Judicial District of the state.

Connecticut and Passumpsic River Railroad. The subscriptions to the stock of the Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers Railroad, reached, last Wednesday, to nearly the full amount (\$500,000) required to be taken in the country; and since that time further subscriptions, within our knowledge, have been added, and there are others yet disposed to take stock.—St. Johnsbury Colerainian.

The Electric Telegraph. A petition has been presented to Mayor and Alderman by the proprietors of the telegraph, for leave to set up posts for the magnetic wire from the Merchants' Exchange Reading Room, in State-street, to the depot of the Plymouth Railroad on South Cove. It is intended to establish the line to the station at Nantasket, and when completed, it will be of the first importance to the shipping and mercantile community, who already take a lively interest in the progress of the enterprise.—Post.

"My lad," said a young lady to a boy, carrying an empty mail bag—"Are you the mail boy, do you?"

Distressing Sickness in the West.—We regret to learn that in every part of the Western country, intermittent fevers of every type prevail to an unusual extent. At Du Quoin, Illinois, throughout Iowa, Wisconsin, Missouri, Illinois, and Indiana, not only individuals, but frequently whole families are prostrated with the epidemic. Even Ohio and Kentucky have not escaped its ravages. The Dayton Journal says: "There is more sickness in the country than has been known for many years. Fall fever is the prevailing disease, but it is not malignant in its character. We hear there is a scarcity of quinine, caused by the increased demand for the article, in consequence of the unusual prevalence of this fever."

A charge of larceny, in the matter of the Mackenzie letter, has been preferred by Mr. Hoyt, and is now under investigation before the chief of police. Malvew L. Davis was examined yesterday, and testified that he did not know Mr. Mackenzie personally, and that he (Davis) had nothing to do with the publication.—N. Y. Com.

The publication of the Hoyt correspondence is still the prevailing topic of excitement. The Locofoco papers, finding it impossible to direct attention from the letters themselves to the mode in which they were placed before the public, unanimously declare that there is nothing in them unfavorable to the reputation of any of the writers. This is just the ground that we take precisely. We are certain that no man who knows them will think any worse of them for this exhibition of their duplicity and perfidy. A judicial investigation has been instituted to ascertain in what manner the correspondence passed into the keeping of Mr. Hoyt. Mr. Mackenzie has published a card in the Tribune, declaring that he has no pecuniary interest in the work, the copyright of which has been surrendered to the men who assume the risk of publication. Mr. Van Ness and Mr. Bogan have both denied any participation in the affair. The Washington Union speaks of a gentleman who knew of the publication for several weeks before it came out, but does not favour us with the name of the gentleman. In the mean time the opinion gains

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Cards,
Blanks, &c. &c. &c.
Of every description will be neatly and fashionably executed, at short notice.

strength that these papers were surrendered by some distinguished politician who has personal grievances to revenge. The first edition of the work was at once taken up and another has been printed.

Tax Town of Rome, in western New York, contains a population of over 5000, has been built up by factories for making pulleys and oars from the ash, thousands of which are shipped to all parts of the world, England, France, Germany, Prussia, Sweden, Russia, and throughout all the East. The Jews of the Chinese are now all ready for American ears, and the small boats of Europe and Asia are now propelled by the enterprise of the people of this village.—A. Y. Express.

NEW YORK EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.—On the first ballot for presiding officer, the Clergy gave, for the Rev. Dr. Creighton, 75 votes. For Dr. Wainwright 63. The Laity, for Dr. Wainwright 50. For Dr. Creighton 25.

There being no election, the Convention adjourned to meet at the same place. On Thursday morning the Hon. John C. Spencer announced that Dr. Wainwright, at a desire to preserve harmony and cordiality of feeling in the Convention, had requested his name to be withdrawn, and moved that Dr. Creighton be unanimously elected President of the Convention. The resolution was carried.—Rev. Mr. Haigh was appointed Secretary and C. V. S. Knodl Treasurer. Some discussion arose upon the manner in which the list of clerical delegates was made out, and a committee was appointed to examine and report upon it.

Rev. Geo. Bradish offered the following resolutions, proposed by a few remarks, which were delivered amid repeated interruptions.

Whereas on the 3d of January last the Right Rev. Benjamin T. Onderdonk was pronounced guilty, by the certain charges of impropriety and immorality, and suspended from the office of a Bishop of the Church of God and the functions of the sacred office of the ministry, therefore,

Resolved, That this convention, without expressing any opinion on the canonical question, deem it their duty to declare, and do hereby declare, their solemn conviction, that the Right Reverend Benj. T. Onderdonk, even if his restoration to office were practicable, can never perform the Episcopal functions in this diocese with any prospect of usefulness to the Church.

On the motion to lay this resolution on the table, the vote stood,—

Clergy, yeas 82—noes 47.
Laity, yeas 66—noes 61.
So the resolution was laid on the table.

POLITICAL SABBATH PREACHING.

The Rev. Gerrit Smith preached a political sermon at the City Hall on Sabbath day. We learn that the announcement of his intention, which was posted up about the streets, which took pains to especially invite to hear him those who conscientiously believe he is wrong in this thing, drew together a room full of hearers, some (probably) from the stated and organized worship of the Most High God, and some from the streets.

The abolition of slavery is desirable. None desire it more earnestly than we do. But we do not believe it is either necessary to make